

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.



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PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

KING HENRY VIII.

TIMON of ATHENS.

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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v. 6. p. 3.

The LIFE of

H E N R Y

THE

E I G H T H.

THE LIFE OF

HENRY W. RYAN

THE

FIGHT



P R O L O G U E

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen Katharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.

Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON.



The LIFE of
HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door : at the other
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How
have you done
Since last we saw y'in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those a suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

sons.

A. 4.

Such.

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time.

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say

'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd.

To one above it self. Each following day

Became the next day's master, 'till the last

Made former wonders, its. To-day the *French*,

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods

Shone down the *English*; and to-morrow they

Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that stood,

Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,

Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear

The pride upon them, that their very labour

Was to them as a painting. Now this mask

Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night

Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

As presence did present them; him in eye,

Still him in praise; and being present both,

'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerners

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,

(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story

(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;

That † *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect

In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing

Would by a good discourser lose some life,

Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,

Order gave each thing view. The office did

Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,

I mean who set the body and the limbs

Of

† The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Southampton*.

King HENRY VIII.

9

Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One sure, that promises no † element.

In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him: no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a † ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet surely Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider like
Out of his self-drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,
If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him;
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)

A 5

Must

† no rudiment or beginning.

† ketch, from the Italian Caicchio, signifying a Tub, Barrel,
or Hoghead. Skinner.

Must fetch in him he † papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think.
The peace between the *French* and us, not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a general prophesie; that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that

What

† he papers, a verb; His own letter, by his own single authority and without the concurrence of the Council, must fetch in Him whom he papers down. I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning.

What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th'appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-

Self-mettle tires him : not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you : be to your self
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down,
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at ;
And lose by over-running : know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it : be
Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*
Soul stronger to direct you than your self,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions ; by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch
as strong
As shore of rock—attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another ; yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck.

King HENRY VIII.

13

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir ——— this cunning
Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, let it be ——— to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our ^b Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ——— for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it: Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well ——— for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour-as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

*Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and
two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj.

^b count.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perisha
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my lord *Aberganny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartroux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins*?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [Exe.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. MY life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let he call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in person,
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master:
He shall again relate.

A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usber'd by the Duke of Norfolk; Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit'd, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [To Wolsey.

(My

(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from foil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th'event to th'teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wel. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'raign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
In this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous,
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief

Comes

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake.
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new triumm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit:
Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
 A trembling contribution!— why we take
 From ev'ry tree, lop, hack, and part o'th' timber:
 And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry country
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission; pray look to't,
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
 Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound, his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To fore-recited practices, whereof

W.e.

We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish to your high person,
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophetic of *Nicolas Hopkins*.

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartraux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poultry, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,

Hath

Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:
 Who (after under the commission's seal
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
 My chaplain to no creature living but
 To me should utter) with demure confidence
 Thus pausingly ensu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs.
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive.
 To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the Duke
 Shall govern *England* ———

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office.
 On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed
 You charge now in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your noble soul; I say take heed;
 Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
 The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
 For him to ruminate on this, until
 It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,
 It can do me no damage: adding further,
 That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
 The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? ah ha ———
 There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liège.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
 After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir *William Blomer* ———

King. I remember
 Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
 The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

As

King HENRY VIII.

21

As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all.

King. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. 'S't possible the *Spells* of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their

Their very noses had been counsellors,
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones, one
would take it.

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they've worn our Christendom: now now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monsieurs

To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be

Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men—

Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away

The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phylick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,

There

There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're going,
For sure there's no converting 'em: now Sirs,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord *Sands*,

Your col's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one;
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, h'as wherewithal in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guitford*,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his grace Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're yoting, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested;
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lev. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easie penance.

Lev. 'Faith, how easie?

Sands. As easie as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit: Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord:

So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes
his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam:
For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French*
tongue,

And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited
like *Shepherds*, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I
pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen.]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

[Musick. Dance.]

Wol.

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

[Whisper.]

Cham. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,

Good my lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 GENTLEMAN.

HITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall be-
come

Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but
the ceremony

Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray speak what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar, where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions

Of

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Car
Confessor to him, with that devil monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extreemly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first *Kildare's* attainder,
Then deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,
And gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,

And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*;
The Mirror of all courtesie.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And

And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on a God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you.
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave---Commend me to his Grace:
And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me:
When I came hither, I was Lord high constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

Henry the Eighth; a name, honour, life, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroak has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak how I fell---I've done; and God forgive me.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us:
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;
 You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the King and Kath'rine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not;

a life, honour, name, and all

For

For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

MY lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the
care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best
breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission
and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his
master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the
King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he
will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew:
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most
true,

These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into pages; all mens honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business, put the King
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him;
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where : besides
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there ? ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? how dare you thrust your
selves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

Enter

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat,
with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busie; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness;

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome;

And thank the holy conclave for their loves,

They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers
loves,

You are so noble: to your Highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The

(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted. Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her So dear in heart, not to deny her what A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay and the best, she shall have; and my favour To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal, Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary, I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you; You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [Walks and whispers.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camb. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him; And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him! That's christian care enough: for living murmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryars*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience —
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. NOT for that neither — here's the pang
that pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she.
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after.
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave, a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,
To give her the avault! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

Than

Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead;

I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you;

For all this spice of your hypocrisie;

You that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity

Of your soft † cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth —

Old. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old E. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,

What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:

I would not be a young Count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak

Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk?

I swear again, I would not be a Queen

For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little England

You'll venture an emballing: I my self

Would for Carnarvanshire, though there belong'd

No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter

†. i. e. Tender, from Caprellus, Lat. Ciaverello, It.

Chevereul, Fr. a young Goat or Kid,

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies; what were't worth to know

The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well,
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [*Exit Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see,

I have

I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of *Pembroke*!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation? By my life
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers,
with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in
the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Can-
terbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln,
Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with
some*

some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the scribes. The lords sit next the bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**Hilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read;
And on all sides th' authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the court.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair; goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,

That

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:

Yea,

Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam.

Queen. Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before;
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That

That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am
A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual. That again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the
court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your
way.

When

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience — pray pass on;
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*,
 That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
 The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
 And like her true nobility, she has
 Carried her self tow'rds me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I require your Highness
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there
 At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word,
 That might be prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but like the village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 Have with'd the sleeping of this business, never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
 The passages made tow'ards it: on my honour
 I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't.
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 Our daughter *Mary*: I th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,
 Whether our daughter were legitimate;
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng
 And prest it with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue,
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 (Well worthy the best heir o'th' world) should not
 Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereon we are

Now

Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread; that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt:
 And did intreat your Highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you
 My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present summons unsolicited.
 I left no rev'rend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 (*Katherine* our Queen) before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

This

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranner*,
 Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.



TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad
 with troubles:
 Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave
 working.

S O N G.

ORpheus, with his lute, made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
 To his musick, plants and flowers
 Ever rose, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art,
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
 Wait in the presence.

VOL. VI.

C

Queen.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,

They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:

What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions

Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.*

Queen. Good my lord, no *Latin*;

I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have liv'd in.

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:

Pray speak in *English*; here are some will thank you
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.

Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol.

Wol. Noble lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you? and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting like a good man your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel —

Queen. To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
fears,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,

Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
 And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In my own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection,
 He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause:
 For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye.
 Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
 But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my lords: is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would you have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
 Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
 His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him

King HENRY VIII.

53

Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For goodness sake consider what you do,
 How you may hurt your self, nay utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your
 virtues

With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves
 you;

Beware you lose it not; for us (if you please
 To trust us in your business) we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and pray for-
 give me,

If I have us'd my self unmannerly.
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his Majesty.
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
 That little thought when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord
 Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.*

Mar. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
 Cannot stand under them. If you omit

The

King HENRY VIII.

FF

The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to

A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction.

Suf. My Amen to't.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The lord forbid.

Nor. Marry, Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is stol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause to th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which

Have

Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess dowager,
A widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. *[Exit Cromwell]*

It shall be to the Dutcheſs of *Alenſon*, *[Aside]*

The French King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.

Anne Bullen!—no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair viſage — *Bullen!*—

No, we'll no *Bullens!*—ſpeedily I wiſh

To hear from *Rome*—the marchioneſs of *Pembroke!*—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord for thy justice!

Wel. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen! —
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes — what though I know her virtuous
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause! — that she should lye i'th' bosome of
Our hard-rul'd King! — again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one; *Crawmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading of a schedule.

Snr. I would 'twere something that would fret the string

The master-cord of a heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon, in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found

There,

There, on my conscience put unwittingly ?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bless your Highness——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit; sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,

He

He said he did, and with this deed did crowne
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

Sur. The lord increase this business.

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:

And if you may confess it, say withal

If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities, mine own

Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, i'th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,

That

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet, my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
[Giving him papers.
And after this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the Nobles throng after him whispering and smiling.

S C E N E IV.

Wol. What should this mean?

• What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
• He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
• Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
• Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
• Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger——'tis so——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if I take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this——*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And

And from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. ' I shall fall
 ' Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 ' And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
 Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Camberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who com-
 mands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine your self
 To *Asher-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 I mean your malice, know officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are molded——Envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
 You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the King
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty houses *Surrey* durst better

Have

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him :
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou should'st feel
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility, let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one;
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion :
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My

My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
 But that I'm bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:
 But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
 I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head; have at
 you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
 You wrought to be a legat, by which power
 You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
 To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
 Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
 To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
 Either of King or council, when you went
 Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
 To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. item, You sent a large commission
 To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
 Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
 A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy-hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *præmunire*)
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
' Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
' This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
' The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
' And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
' The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
' And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
' His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

' And

' And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 ' Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 ' These many summers in a sea of glory :
 ' But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 ' At length broke under me, and now has left me
 ' Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 ' Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 ' Vain pomp and glory of the world ! I hate ye,
 ' I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 ' Is that poor man that hangs on Princes favours !
 ' There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 ' That sweet aspect of Princes, and a our ruin,
 ' More pangs and fears than war or women have.
 ' And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
 ' Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why how now *Cromwell* ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline ? nay, if You weep,
 I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
 I know my self now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities ;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I'm able now methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far

Than

a *their*

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open; as his Queen,
Going to chappel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun, I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
 ' And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 ' And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 ' Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
 ' Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 ' And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 ' Found thee a way out of his wrack to rise in:
 ' A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 ' Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
 ' *Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 ' By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 ' (The image of his maker) hope to win it?
 ' Love thy self last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 ' Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 ' Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 ' To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 ' Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 ' Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
 ' *Cromwell*,

' Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in ———
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*
 ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow, This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds, And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward In celebration of this day with shews, Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater, Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains, The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*, To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known these customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.

But I beseech you what's become of *Katharine*,

The

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Arch-bishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptfil*, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good lady!

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is com-
ing. [Hautboys]

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
4. Choristers singing. [Musick.]
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter
in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper
crown.
6. Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on
his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him,
the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with
the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Col-
lars of SS.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on
his head, bearing a long white wand, as High
Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with
the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Col-
lars of SS.
8. A canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports, under
it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly a-
dorned

dorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her
the bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
10. Certain ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of
gold without flowers.

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then
Exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that who bears the ſcepter?

1 Gen. Marqueſs Dorſet.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bleſs thee,

Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:

I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 Gen. They that bear

The cloth of ſtate above her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Thoſe men are happy, ſo are all are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, the Dutcheſs of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.

2 Gen. Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars in-
deed,

And ſometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'th' abby, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am ſifted,

With

With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, *Edward* confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again

To

To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o'th' jewel house,
And one already of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more,

Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exeunt.

* S C E N E II.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith
her gentleman Usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. H O W does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death:

VOL. VI.

D

My

My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
 Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair —
 So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
 Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
 Was dead ?

Grif. Yes Madam; but I think your Grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
 If well, he slept before me happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
 For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*;
 Lodg'd in the abby; where the rev'rend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words. ' O father abbot,
 ' An old man broken with the storms of state,
 ' Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 ' Give him a little earth for charity!'

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him!
 Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with Princes: one that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
 His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double

Both

Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gaye
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofly and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you
Ipswich and *Oxford*! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,
 And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess

Possess your fancy..

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[Musick ceases.]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace —

Kath. You are a sawcy fellow,
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution;

That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will — mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord ——— *Griffith* farewel ——— nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ———
Call in more women — When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more ——— [Exeunt, leading Katherine.



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a page with
a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

GARDINER.

T'S one a clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for ne-
cessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our na-
ture

With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas,
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

D 4

Lov.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, *Sir Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word. The Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, *Sir Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir —
Hear me, *Sir Thomas* — y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, *Sir Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Arch-bishop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, *Sir Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed this day,

Sir

Sir I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the lords o'th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint of his great Grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and page.*]

Lov. Many good nights, my lord, I rest your servant.

SCENE II.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to-night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury! ———

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true — where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake,
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha! — I have said — be gone.

[Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

SCENE III.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous

Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self;
But that 'till further tryal, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower; you, a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole
world?

Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.

You're

You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He's as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Ply o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blest her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted

Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such a payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Craumer.

Cran. I Hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you,

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour! they would shame to make me
Wait

Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight —

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst purlevants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place and so near our favour

To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets,

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close.

We shall hear more anon. —

SCENE V.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand. A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom.

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdean'd your self, and not a little:
Tow'rd the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper Germany can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)

A man

A man that more detests, more stirs against
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)
 Defacers of the publick peace, than I do,
 Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And by that vertue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,

We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 And our consent, for better tryal of you,
 From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;
 Where being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
 You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful, I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a church-man better than ambition:
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
 (Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man,

Gard.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this rable, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D' you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

SCENE VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious;
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cran.
He

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace ~~_____~~

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my lords respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, to to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a suit which you must not deny me.
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:
you shall have

Two noble partners with you : the old Dutchesse
Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset*——
Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
heart ;

The common voice I see is verif'd
Of thee, which says thus : do my lord of *Canterbury*
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away : I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. {*Exe.*

S C E N E VII.

Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals ; do
you take the court for *Paris Garden* ? ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue :
is this a place to roar in ? fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to 'em :
I'll scratch your heads ; you must be seeing christnings ?
do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On *May-day* morning, which will never be :
We may as well push against *Pauls*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

(You

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute . . .
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colabrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? blefs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand, here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I def'y'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill* or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two headles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters? These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows? There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your honour, We are but men, and what so many may do, Not being torn in pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves, And here ye lye bailing of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound, Th' are come already from the christning; Go break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

S CENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing boards for the christning gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutches of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady: then follows the marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, fair Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my self thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossip, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Shaba* was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her :
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
 with her.

In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours,
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
 To all the plains about him ; children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,

And

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more: but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,
Thou'lt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
I thank ye all—to you, my good Lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords,
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holy-day. [Exeunt.]



EPILOGUE.

TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We've frightened with our trumpets: so 'tis clear
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty;
Which we have not done neither; that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.





Dramatis Personae.

T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.

E 2

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius,
Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*

Servilius,

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mer-
cer and Merchant; with divers servants
and attendants.*

SCENE *Athens, and the Woods not
far from it.*

*The hint of part of this play taken from Lucian's
Dialogue of Timon.*



TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Mercer, at several doors.*

POET.



GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Post. I have not seen you long, how
goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Post. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold record not matches? see
(Magick of bounty,) all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continueate goodness.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't.

For the lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mtr. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slip't idly from me.

* Our poesie is as a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self;——and like the current flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir:——when comes your book
forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch——is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature, artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens! happy men.

Pain. Look, more!

* Our poesie is as a gown, which uses from whence 'tis
nourish'd.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visiters.

I have, in this rough work shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it self
In a wide sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their service to lord *Timon*: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd *Fortune*, to be thron'd. The base o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wasts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks
With one man becken'd from the rest below
Bowing his head against the steepy mount,
To climb his happiness; would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value; on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of these?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Ev'n on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

SCENE II.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Timon* addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good lord, five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well —

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes.

TIMON of ATHENS

105

Mef. All happiness to your honour.

[Exit.]

Enter an old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

O. Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

O. Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*.

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

O. Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

O. Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be,
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will chuse
Mina heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

E 5.

Tim.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

O. Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state of fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is now ow'd to you. [Exit Luc.]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lord-
ship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature
He is but out-side: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you gentleman; Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would undo me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here.

SCENE III.

— Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good-morrow,
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st
them not?

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter,
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she,
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem.

Apem. O, they eat lords, so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us, You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

'Till

'Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your sighs.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy self.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away unpeaceable dog, or — I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' ass.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come shall we in, and taste lord *Timon's* bounty?

He sure outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the god of gold,

Is but his stew'rd : no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it self ; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes : shall we in ?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Hautboys playing, loud music. A great banquet serv'd in ; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no means,

Honest *Ventidius* : you mistake my love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown :
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [They sit down.

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it ? have you not ?

Tim,

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No: you shall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:

They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself:

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon*: I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome, I my self would have no power—pr'ythee let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,

And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men!

Methinks they should invite them without knives,

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't, the fellow that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'Thas been prov'd.

Were I a great man, I should fear to drink,

Lest they should spy my wind-pipes dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire:

This

This, and my food are equal, there's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grate.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;

I pray for no man but my self;

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a barlot for her weeping,

Or a dog that seems a sleeping,

Or a keeper with my freedom,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts; whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands? did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you! Oh you gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends,

friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why I have often wisht my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid with a mask of ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste:
The five best senses acknowledge thee their patron,
and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.
There taste, touch, all, pleas'd from thy table rise:
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim.

114 TIMON of ATHENS.

Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance.

Let musick make their welcome.

Luc. You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance, they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life;

As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.

We make our selves fools, to disport our selves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy——

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now.

Would one day stamp upon me: 'Thas been done;

Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The lords rise from table, which much adoring of Timon, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and csafr.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind:

You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device.

I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.

Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius?

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him——well——i'faith I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could:

'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our horses.

Tim. O my good friends!

I have one word to say to you: look my lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,

Kind my lord!

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee let's be provided to shew them entertain-
ment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another servant.

2 Ser. May it please your honour, lord *Lucius*, out
of his free love, hath presented you four milk-white
horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter.

Enter a third servant.

How now? what news?

3 Ser. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word: He is so kind, that he pays interest for't; His land's put to their books. Well, would I were Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd. Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true, I'll call on you.

All Lords. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give,

Marhinks

Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I defie land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep you, lord *Timon* —

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

SCENE VIII.

A

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums?
I doubt whether their legs be worth the fums
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court-lies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in pa-
per shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-
glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and
come with better musick. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So — thou wilt not hear me now; thou
shalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.



AND late five thousand: to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my
former sum.

Which makes it five and twenty. —

Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it
will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why give my horse to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight.
An able horse. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceas't
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with
* Commend me to your master — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, — thus but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand: for I do fear
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix—get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. Ay go, Sir: take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in. Come.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

TIMON'S hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. NO care, no stop? so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot. Takes no account
 How things go from him, and resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money.

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid.

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—Well what's your will?

[They present their bills.]

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Cap. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off,
To the succession of new days, this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my lord.

Tim. Contain thy self, good friend.

Var. One *Varro's* servant, my good lord—

Isid. From *Isidore*, he prays your speedy payment—

Cap. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
and past—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

[To the lords.]

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on, *[Ex. lords.]*
I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither:

How goes the world that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Fla. Pease you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;

That

That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends; see them well entertain'd.

[Exit *Tim.*

Stew. Pray draw near.

[Exit *Stew.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Apemantus and fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog,

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wife company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home

You three serve three usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I — as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometime it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight, and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

TIMON of ATHENS.

123

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me? That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Fla. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To *Lacedamon* did my land extend.

Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my husbandry or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. - So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrellie;
I have retir'd me to a lonely room,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's*?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great *Timon*; noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast lost; one cloud of winter showres,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are
crown'd,

a wasteful cock.

That

That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
 Within there, Ho *Flaminius, Servilius!*

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants,

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.

You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
 with his honour to-day—you to *Sempronius*—commend
 me to their loves, and I am proud, say, that my oc-
 casions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of
 mony; let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum —

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the senators; [To *Flavius*.]
 Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant
 A thousand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
 (For that I knew it the most gen'ral way)
 To them to use your signet and your name,
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. ' They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
 ' That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 ' Do what they would; are sorry--You are honourable---
 ' But yet they could have wish'd—they know not —
 ' Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 ' May catch a wrenck—would all were well—'tis pity—
 ' And so intending other serious matters,
 ' After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
 ' With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,
 ' They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!
 I pry'thee man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

126 TIMON of ATHENS.

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
 And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee be not sad,
 Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
 Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate; When he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
 Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Stew. Would I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
 Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

The CITY.

*Flaminius waiting at the house of Lucullus, enter
 a servant to him.*

SERVANT.



Have told my lord of you; he is coming
 down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon's* men? a gift, I warrant—
 Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver basin and
 ewre

ewre to-night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the servant.*]—Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for
thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
thee:

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto a this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and come to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O may diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
To expel sickness, ^b or prolong his hour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. **W**H O, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but
strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my
lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now
lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his
estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want
for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not
long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*,
to borrow so many talents, nay, urg'd extreemly for't,
and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was
deny'd.

Luc.

^a this honour

^b but

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now before the gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindneses from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his honour. — My honour'd lord —

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my soul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do — (the more beast I say) — I was sending to use lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for

the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall. [Exit *Servilius*.]

Lut. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius* —
True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed. [Exit.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hofilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's foul;
Of the same piece, is every flatterer's sport:
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:
Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh see the monstrousness of man!
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispence,
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius.

Sem. **M**UST he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others? —

He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he send to me? three! hum —
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? his friends like physicians,
'Three give him over? must I take the cure
On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place, I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
I'd such a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did, when he made man po-
litick;

'thru'd give him over.

litick; he cros'd himself by't; and I cannot think;
but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes vir-
tuous copies to be wicked: like those that under hot,
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such
a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope, now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards,
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Timon's Hall.

*Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other
servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for
his coming out.*

Var. **W**ELL met, good-morrow, Titus and Hor-
tensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think one business does command us all,

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir Philotas's too.

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think
the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him: You must consider that a prodigal course Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear; 'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event: Your lord sends now for mony.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift, For which I wait for mony.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows, *Timon* in this should pay more than he owes! And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels And send for mony for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness: I know my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth, Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand,

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th'sum, Your master's confidence was above mine, Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminus.

Tit. One of lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminus!* Sir, a word: pray is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir —

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Fla. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,

And take down th' interest in their glutt'rous maws.

You do your selves but wrong to stir me up.

Let me pass quietly: —

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end.

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Fla. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve knaves. *[Exit.]*

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what — he's poor, and that's re-
venge enough. Who can speak broader than he that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rail a-
gainst great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from it. For
take it of my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent;

His comfortable temper has forsook him.

He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And if he be so far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. *[wishing.]* *Servilius*, help — my lord! my lord.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feasted, does it now
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord!

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em — cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours — and yours?

Var. My lord —

Cap. My lord —

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you.

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their mony, these debts may be well call'd
desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves. Creditors! — devils.

Flam. My dear lord.

Tim. What if it should be so —

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. I'll have it so — My steward!

Fla.

Fla. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All——
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Fla. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The C I T Y.

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them with attendants.

1 Sen. **M**Y lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Health, honour, and compassion to the senate.

1 Sen. Now, captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He

He did oppose his foe:
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour; which indeed
 Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were but newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His out-sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord! ———

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear,
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then sure women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,
 But in defence, by mercy 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety:
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
At *Lacedamon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em.
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be:
My lords, I do beseech you know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me,
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.

My

My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect.

We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish usury,

That make the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee

Attend our weightier judgment.

And, (not to swell our spirit,)

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt.]

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you.

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes

While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest; I my self,

Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate

Pours into captains wounds? ha! Banishment!

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

TIMON'S House.

Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 Sen. **T**HE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 Sen.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir——here he comes.

Enter Timon and attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both——and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpets sound; we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 Sen. Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if mony and the season can
yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. *Alcibiades* is banisht: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast
toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so——

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in
all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the
meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thank-
fulness. For your own gifts, make your selves prais'd:
but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend
to each man enough, that one need not lend to another.
For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would
forsake the gods. Make the meat beloved, more than
the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty, be
without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women
at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are——
The rest of your fees, O gods, the senators of Athens, to-
gether with the common lag of people, what is amiss in
them you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these
my friends——as they are to me nothing, so in nothing
blefs them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover

Uncover dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke, and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last.

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks

Of man and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou —

[Throwing the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn house, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be

Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury!

3 *Sen.* Push, did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and
now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my
jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.



LET me look back upon thee, O thou
 wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive
 in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn
 incontinent; [fools
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads: To general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast,
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 And with it beat his brains out. Fear and Piety,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And yet confusion live! plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That

Uncover dogs, and lap.

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 And yet confusion live! plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That

' That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 ' And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
 ' Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms, and their crop
 ' Be general leprosie: breath infect breath,
 ' That their society (as their friendship) may
 ' Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 ' But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too. with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me ye good gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low. [Exit]

S C E N E II.

TIMON'S House.

Enter Flavius with two or three servants.

Ser. **H**EAR you, good master steward, where's
our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

Ser. Such a house broke!
So noble a master faln! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

Ser. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks like Contempt alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter

*Enter other servants.**Fla.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 Ser. Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat: we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Fla. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you,
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*He gives them money, they embrace and part several ways.*]

Oh the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his vanish'd friends!
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good,
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will,
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

*The WOODS.**Enter Timon,*

Tim. **O** Blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy sister's womb
 Infect the air. Twin'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great wrongs
 But by contempt of nature,
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares? who dares,
 In purity of manhood, stand upright,
 And say, this man's a flatterer? If one be,
 So are they all, for every † greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pare
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique,
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himself, *Timon* disdains,
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
 [Digging the earth.]
 Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison. — What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

† greeze, or step, or degree.

* All's obloquy.

' You gods! why this? what this? you gods? why, this
 ' Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:
 ' Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
 ' This yellow slave
 ' Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 ' Make the hoar leprosie ador'd; place thieves,
 ' And give them title, knee, and approbation
 ' With senators on the bench: this is it
 ' That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 ' She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
 ' Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 ' To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
 ' Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 ' Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 ' Do thy right nature—— [*March afar off.*] Ha! a
 drum? — thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee—— thou'lt go (strong thief)
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A healt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart
 For shewing me again the eyes of man.

Alc. What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thy self a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than as I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules,
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
 Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

148 TIMON of ATHENS.

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the moon;
There were now no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' subfast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I'ad

I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap—

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all then in thy conquest,

And after, Thee, when thou hast conquered.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of villains

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;

'Beas a planetary plague, when *Jove*

'Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

'In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,

'Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

'He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,

'It is her habit only that is honest,

'Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps

That through the window-barn bore at mens eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers,

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thy self. Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon thee.

Both. Give us some gold, good *Timon*; hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whore a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant, you're not othable,
 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
 I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still,
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close fire predomitate his smother;
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
 Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch
 Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 Wear them, betray with them, and whore on still,
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——what then?
 Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar mens spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee
 Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians
 bald,
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war,
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
 That your activity may defeat, and quell
 The source of all erection.——There's more gold.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous

Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first, I've given
 you earnest.

Alc.

TIMON of ATHENS. 151

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rd Athens; farewell

Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Tim. That Nature being sick of man's unkindness
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh, thou! whose self-same
mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff)
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons do's hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enscar thy fertile and conceptionous womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,
And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips—

SCENE VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

G 4

Tim.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lye soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like rapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

Apem. Thou'ast cast away thy self, being like thy self,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou
' That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
' Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees
' That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
' And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook
' Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste.
' To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
' Whose naked natures live in all the spight
' Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks
' To the conflicting elements expos'd,
' Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
' Oh! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thy self in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat;
The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
'Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
'With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
'Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
'Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
'To such, as may the passive drugs of it
'Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
'In general riot, melted down thy youth
'In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
'The icy precepts of respect, but followed
'The sugar'd game before thee. But my self;
'Who had the world as my confectionary,
'The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men;
'At duty more than I could frame employments;
'That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
'Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
'Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
'For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
'That never knew but better, is some burthen.
'Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
'Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
'They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
'If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
'Must be thy subject, who in spight put stuff
'To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
'Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——

If thou hadst not been the worst of men,
Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee;

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone—

That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it. *

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold;

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st a nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a-days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient; and knew my
mind.

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee, for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none; but

* Thus would I eat it.

Apem. Here will I mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou, etc.

art despis'd for the contrary. * What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world,

Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'st but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee; and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots

* the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thy self better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrifty, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without those means thou talkst of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things, &c.

of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

Tim. I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought. But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave; Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat.

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph, That death in me, at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee!

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler.

Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*,

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,

That

That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible god,
 That fouldrest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue
 To every purpose; Oh thou touch of hearts!
 Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds; that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so, I'll say thou hast gold.
 But not 'till I am dead. Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery;

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men ——— Eat, *Timon*, and
 abhor them. The plague of company light upon thee;
 I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know
 not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
 shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog
 than *Apemantus*. [Exit *Apem.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder:
 the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends,
 drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care
 not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously
 reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis
 hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description!

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Exit

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves; but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth an hundred springs; The oaks bear masts; the briers scatter hips. The bounteous huswife nature on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess; that you work not In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascals, thieves, Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape, 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to broth, And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician, His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together. Do villany, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery. The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun. The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln From gen'ral extremity; each thing's a thief. The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away, Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats; All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go, Break open shops, for nothing can you steal But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Alone.* *[Exit.*

3 *Thief.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession, by perswading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [Exe.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius to Timon.

FLAVIUS.

H! you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? oh monument

And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!

What change of honour desp'rate want has made?

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise.

When man was wisht to love his enemies:

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do.

H'as caught me in his eye, I will present

My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?

[*Tim.*

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men! Then if thou grantest that thou art a man, I have forgot thee.

Fla. An honest servant.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man about me, all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Fla. The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But or through lust, or laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man: mistake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind;
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all save thee,
I sell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck! But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting:

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Fla. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,) You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast; Suspect still comes when an estate is least.

That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love, Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living: and believe it, For any benefit that points to me Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange For this one wish, that you had power and wealth To requite me by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man, Here take; the gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy. But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men: Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none, But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em, Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods. And so farewell, and thrive.

Fla. O let me stay and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses, Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free; Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him, he likewise enrich'd poor stragling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet.

Poet. Then this breaking of his, has been but a tryal for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him, a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best; Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
While the day serves, before black-corner'd night;

Find

Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light,
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn ———
What a god's gold, that he is worshipp'd
In baser temples, than where swine do feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foame,
Setlest admired rev'rence in a slave;
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures, oh abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough ———
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go; naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seem and known.

Pain. He, and my self,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men; you've heard that I have
gold,
I'm sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athenis*, thou'rt indeed the best,

Thou

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say — And for thy fiction,
Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; — but two
in company:

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near *him*. — If *thou* wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves;
You

You have work for me; there's your payment, hence,
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:
Out rascal dogs. [*Bearing and driving 'em out.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Fla. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*:
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here; lord *Timon*! *Timon*!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort'st, burn! —
Speak and be hang'd;
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. — Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them. And would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O forget

What

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee;
The Senators, with one consent of loye,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness, too general, gross,
Which now the publick body (which doth seldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it self
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority; soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who like a bear too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon —

Tim. Well Sir, I will; therefore I will Sir, thus —
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. If he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;

Then

Then let him know, and tell him *Timon speaks it*;
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not.
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer. For my self,
 There's not a whistle in th' unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend it throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
 Of health and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
 And last so long enough.

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wrack,
 As common brute doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 Sen. These words become your lips, as they pass
 thro' them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throws
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyages, I will do
 Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
 Wild *Alcibiades*' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
 Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,

From

From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his taste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself — I pray you do my greeting.

Fla. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend.
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain;
Sun, hide thy beams; *Timon* hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon.*]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are coupl'd to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dead peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* THOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Who though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect,
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town,
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*]
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,

* ——— our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak ho. ——— No answer? ———

What is this? ———

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;

Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter; tho' young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, &c.

VOL. VI.

H

When

When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of it self, no more: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pursty Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young;

When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
 We sent to thee, to give thy ragis balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo

Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
 By humble message, and by promis'd means:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such
 That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you first went out:
 Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread,
 By decimation and a sicked death;
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth. *

1 Sen. All have not offended:

For those that were, it is not square to take
 On those that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
 Are not inherited. Then dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;

* ——— take thou the destin'd tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have, &c.

Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove,
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds;
But shall be remedied by publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My noble general, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea,
And on the grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

H 2

[*Alc.*

[Alcibiades reads the epitaph.]

Here lyes a wretched carse, of wretched soule bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you cariffs left!
Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but stay not here, thy gaiter

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Tho' thou abhor'd'st in us our human griefs,
Scorn'd'st our brains flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for eye
On thy low grave; on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory
Hereafter more — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach.
Let our drums strike — [Exeunt.]





Lud. Du Guernier inv.

v. 6. p. 179.

Dramatis Personæ.

CORIOLANUS, General of the Roman Army.
BY THE COMMONS.
THOMAS JARVIS, Gentleman, singing the Volition, and
Gentleman, singing the Volition.

CORIOLANUS.

ROMAN AND VOLITION, Gentlemen, singing the
Volition, Gentlemen, singing the Volition.
and singing the Volition.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE ROMAN
AND VOLITION, Gentlemen, singing the
Volition, Gentlemen, singing the Volition.

Dramatis Personæ.

CA IUS Martius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman, hated by the common people.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*
Cominius, } *friends to Coriolanus.*

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the people, and enemies*
Junius Brutus, } *to Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius,

Young Martius, son to Coriolanus.

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors,
Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome and partly
in the Territory of the Volscians.*

*The whole History exactly follow'd, and many of
the principal speeches copy'd from the life of
Coriolanus in Plutarch.*



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

I. CITIZEN.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: what authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think we are too dear; the lean-

ness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.

[Shouts within.]
What shouts are those? the other side o'th' city is risen, why stay we prating here? to the Capitol—

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft—who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

Men.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter—speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor suiters have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you: For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as list them Against the *Roman* state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth; The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither, where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' th' state, who care for you, like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—true indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers, repeal daily any wholesome act establish'd against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess your selves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,

I'd hear it, Sir — yet you must not think
To fob off our disgrace with a tale:
But, and't, please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it —
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd —

2 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus —
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you —

2 Cit. Your belly's answer — what
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they —

Men. What then? — for me this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd;
Who is the sink o'th' body —

Men. Well, — what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o'th' brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me —

2 *Cit.* Ay Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer — how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly;
Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find
No publick benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou rascal, that are worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
The one side must have bail.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter Caius Martius.*Hail, noble *Martius*!*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues?That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your selves scabs.*2 Cit.* We have ever your good word.*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geese you are: no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? what's their seeking?*Men.* For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.*Mar.* Hang 'em: they say! —
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give outConjectural marriages; making parties strong,And

And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shooes. They say there's grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Men. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone walls—that dogs must eat,—
That meat was made for mouths—that the Gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only— With these shreds
They vented their complainings: which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—s'death;
The rabble should have first unrooft the city
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here—what's the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volsians* are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders—

SCENE

a suiting.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volsians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, *Tullus Aufidius*,
that will put you to't. I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my war with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is: and I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus'* face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, *Cains Martius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other;
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on;

Follow *Cominius*; we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

1 Sen. Hence to your homes — be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Let them follow,
The *Volsians* have much corn: take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,

Yours

Your valour puts well forth; pray follow. [Exeunt.

[Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Brn. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Brn. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Brn. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Brn. The present wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*!

Brn. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd; cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: oh, if he
Had born the business—

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Brn. Come, half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Martius*;
Though *Martius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be honours; though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Brn. Let's along. [Exeunt.]



SCENE

SCENE V.

CORIOLI.

— Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counsels;
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention: 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence—these are the words—I think
I have the letter here, yes—here it is;
They have prest a power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent—most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery;
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*,
If they set down before's: for the remove

Bring

Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours,
If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more,

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your honours safe.

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

ROME.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, they sit down on two
low stools, and sow.*

Vol. I Pray you, daughter, sing, or expresse your self
in a more comfortable sort: if my son were
my husband, I would freelier rejoyce in that absence
wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
of his bed, where he would shew most love. When
yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my
womb; when youth with comeliess plucked all gaze
his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a mo-
ther should not sell him an hour from her beholding,
I, considering how honour would become such a per-
son, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by
th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let
him seek danger where he was like to find fame: to
a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his
brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang
no more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child,
than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not:

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:

I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:

(As children from a bear) the *Volscei* shunning him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus — and call thus —

Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear

Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes.

Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow,

Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier

Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords contending; tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heav'n's bless my lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an usher, and a gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship —

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? a fine spot in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir.

Vir. I thank your ladyship: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. A my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth I look'd on him o' Wednesday half an hour together—h'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammockt it!

Vol. One o's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self unreasonably? Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir.

Vir. Indeed Madam —

Val. In earnest it's true, I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is — the *Volsians* have an army forth, against whom *Cornelius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would: fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnity out a door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The Walls of Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with captains and soldiers: To them a messenger.

Mar. **Y**onder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,

For half an hundred years: Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye these armies?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now *Mars* I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others
on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius is he within your wall?

1 Senat. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[Alarum far off.]

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Lart. Let their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave

Titus,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows,

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.]

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You flames of Rome, you! herds of boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile. You souls of geese,

That

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
 All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
 Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarm, and Martius follows them to the
 gates, and is shut in.*

'So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds;
 'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarm continues.]*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters; who upon the sudden
 Clapt to their gates: he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. Oh noble fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his senseless sword,
 And when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Martius*—
 A carbuncle in ire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to *Calvus*' with, not fierce and terrible
 Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussions of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lart,

Lart. O, 'tis Martius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't, I took this for silver. [Exe.]

[Alarm continues still afar off.]

Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their honours

At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the general makes! to him;
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our Romans: then valiant *Titus* take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers swords: bold gentleman!
Prosperity be thy page.

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest: so farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Marius*,
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,

Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

The Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. **B** Reathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The Roman Gods
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice. Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Martius battle.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums,
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods,

He

He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Martius'* tongue,
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other,
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,

He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battel? know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Martius*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the † *Antiates*

VOL. VI.

I

Of

† ancients.

Of their best trust : o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood w'ave shed together, by the vows
W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antistates*;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. —

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing, if any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person^b than an ill report :
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, (or many if so minded)
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me :
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volscians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all :
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my fellows :

Make

^b that ^c Let him alone (or so many so minded)

CORIO LANUS.

195

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

CORIO LI.

Titus Lartius having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Martius; Enter with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. SO, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dis-
patch

Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider come, to th' Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius and Aufidius, at several doors.

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate
thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:

Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

I 2

Mar.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Martius fights 'till they be driven in breathless.*]

Officious and not valiant! — you have sham'd me
In your condemn'd seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans: at another door Martius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug;
I'th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath such a soldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my country;

He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, *Rome* must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius! Martius!
cast up their caps and launces: Cominius and Lar-
tius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
Be made all of false-faced soothing.
When steel grows soft, as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars:
No more, I say; for that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises, sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever.

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

Omnes. *Caius Martius Coriolanus!*

Mar. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition,
To th' fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To *Rome* of our success: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioli* back; send us to *Rome*
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:

I that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord-general.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I saw him prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd:

Were

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. Martius, his name?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE XII.

The Camp of the Volsci.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody,
with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. THE town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: my valour (poison'd
With only suffering stain by him) for him
Shall flie out of it self: not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarkments all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
 Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
 Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you
 ('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.

M E N E N I U S.



HE Augur tells me, we shall have news
 to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of
 the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
 friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians
 would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right file, do you?

Bru. Why — how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience — give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so — you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride — oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more

I f

with

with the buttock of the night; than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lyeurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your besom conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your selves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fisset-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between a party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience — and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a necessary bench-er in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an *als*'s pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud; who

who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Daucaion*, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exe. Brutus and Sicinius.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now (my as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—
hoo; *Martius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but *Emperic*, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows; *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded; God save your good worships? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Vol. I'th' shoulder, and i'th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th' body.

Men. One i'th' neck, and two i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*

Vol. These are the ushers of *Martius*; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lye,

Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.



SCENE

SCENE III.

Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and soldiers, and a herald.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Martius*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother.

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay my soldier, up:

My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail:
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome General, y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee. You are three
That *Rome* should dote on: yet by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Welcome warriors;

We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [Flourish. Cornets.
[Exeunt in state, as before.

SCENE IV.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. ' **A**LL tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

- Are spectacled to see him. Your prating nurse
- Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
- While she chats him: the kitchen maikin pins
- Her richest † lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
- Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
- Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
- With variable complexions; all agreeing
- In earnestness to see him: seld-shown *Flamins*
- Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
- To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
- Commit the war of white and damask in

† a coarse sort of linnen.

[Their

' Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
 ' Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses; such a pothor,
 ' As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
 ' Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 ' And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him Consul.

Brn. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Brn. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget
 (With the least cause) these his new honours; which
 That he will give, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Brn. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility,
 Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
 To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Brn. It was his word: oh he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o'th' gentry,
 And the desire o'th' nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Brn. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
 A sure destruction.

Brn. So it must fall out
 To him, or our authorities. For an end,
 We must suggest the people, in what hatred
 He still hath held them; that to's power he would
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
 a Dispro-

d Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You're sent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought
That *Martius* shall be Consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended
As to *Jove's* statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The CAPITOL.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

2 Off. COME, come, they are almost here; how
many stand for consulships?

d disproportion'd.

2 Off.

2 Off. Three they say; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Faith there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easie degrees as those who have been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted without any further deed to ^a heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice that giving it self the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.



SCENE

^a have.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Liftors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volscians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*; it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratifie his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General, In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom We met here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

i. Sen. Speak, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'th' people, We do request your kindest ear, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclinal to honour and advance The theam of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people, than He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent: please you To hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give.

Men.

Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow :
Worthy *Cominius* speak.

[*Coriolanus rises and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

1 Sen. Sit *Coriolanus*, never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,

He

He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-entred thus, he ^a waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battels since
 He lurcht all swords o'th' garland. For this last,
 Before, and in *Corioli*, let me say
 I cannot speak him home: he stopt the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his ^b stern: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was ^c trim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
 With shunless ^d destiny: aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, when streight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battel came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and 'till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'th' world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
 Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter
 all waited ^b stem ^c trim'd ^d defamy:

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds sake, to give their suffrages:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: pray fit you to the custom,
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Br. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't:
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sic. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Remain Sicinius and Brutus.

Br. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent: he will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Br. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' market place,
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Oons! if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once when he stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, would be at once to all points o'th' compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks — you may, you may —

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices ?
but that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say.
If he would incline to the people, there was never a
worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark
his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to
come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's,
and by threes. He's to make his requests by particu-
lars, where every one of us has a single honour, in
giving him our own voices with our own tongues :
therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall
go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right ; have you not
known

The worthiest men have done't ?

Cor. What must I say,

I pray, Sir ? plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods !

You must not speak of that, you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you : pray you to speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean — so, here comes a brace :
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o'th' Consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again: — but 'tis no matter. [Exeunt.]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma.

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: therefore, beseech you I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.*

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices — for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice six,
I've seen, and heard of — for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: — your
voices:

Indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

* — we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless voucher? custom calls me to't —
What custom wills, in all things, should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lye unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three citizens, &c.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the peoples voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and knowing my self again,
Repair to th' senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. *[Exeunt Coriol. and Men.]*

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said he'd wounds, which he could shew in private:

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn, —
I would be Consul, says he: aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was — I thank you for your voices — thank
you —
Your most sweet voices — now you have left your
voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?

Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voices?

Brn. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, still spake against
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'th' state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th' plebeians, your voices might
Be curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rd's you, into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature;
Which easily endures not arricle,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Brū. Did you perceiue,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves? and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? why had your bodies
 No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Brū. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They've chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their liberties, make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble, and on safer judgment,
 Revoke your ignorant election:
 Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you:
 Besides, forget not,
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
 How, in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Brū. Nay lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
 We labour'd (no impediment between)
 But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our command
 ment,
 Than guided by your own affections,
 And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
 You rather must do, than what you should do,
 Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.

Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of *Martius*; from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
Who after great *Hostilius*, here was King:
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither.
† And *Censorinus*, darling of the people
(And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor)
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. Come; to th' Capitol,
We will be there before the stream o'th' people:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

† This verse I have supply'd. A line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's life of Coriolanus, from whence this passage is directly translated.



ACT III. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

CORIOLANUS.



Ullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord, and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the *Volsicians* stand but as at first,

Ready when time shall prompt them, to make a inroad

Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, lord Consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curb Against the *Volsicians*; for they had so wilely Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? — what? —

Lart. How often he had met you sword to sword! That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

a road

Cor,

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! — what is that! —

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on — no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Brn. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or ne'er to be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I'th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again —

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will —

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons;
But for the mutable rank-scented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter;
And there behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scat-

ter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more —

Sen. No more words, we beseech you —

Cor. How! — no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Brn.

Brū. You speak o'th' people, as you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what! his choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*! ———
O good, but most unwise patricians; why
You grave, but wreackless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You're plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supream, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well ——— on to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'th' storehouse, gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece* ———

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power:

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Brn. Why shall the people give,
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know the corn
Was not our recompence, resting assur'd
They ne'er did service for't, being prest to th' war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn *gratis*. Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom-multiplied digest
The Senate's cōtriefie? let deeds exprefs
What's like to be their words----- we did request it---
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.----- Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles-----

Men. Come, enough.

Brn. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,

(You

(You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and with
To b vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
That's sure of death without,) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it:
Not having power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'er-whelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen, in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason —

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the people, in whose name my self
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

[Laying hold on Coriolanus.]

Cor. Hence, old goat.

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens,

b jump.

SCENE

SCENE II

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens — what hoe —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens bid!

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath, Confusion's near. I cannot speak. — You Tribunes,

Coriolanus; patience; speak, *Sicinius*!

Sic. Hear me, people — peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace; speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,

Whom late you nam'd for Consul,

Men. Fie, fie, fie,

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The peoples magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce;

Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, I beseech you *Tribunes*,
Hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poysonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [*Cor. draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; I'll dye here;
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword, *Tribunes* withdraw a-
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help — you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people are beat in.*]

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away;
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:

I prythee noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore

You

You cannot tempt your self, begone, beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd, not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' *Capitol*:
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a brace o'th' best of
them, yea the two *Tribunes*.

Com. But now his odds beyond arithmetick,
And manhood is call'd foolry when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

SCENE IV.

1 Sen. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy *Tribunes*—

Sic.

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further tryal
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

i Cit. He shall well know the noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir. —

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults —

Sic. Consul! — what Consul?

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul! —

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rs her deserving children, is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?

Killing

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
 (Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath;
 By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:
 And what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
 A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean wrong.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did loye his country
 It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
 Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
 For what before it was ———

Bru. We'll hear no more.
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
 Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)
 Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
 Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
 And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so ———

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
 Our *Ædiles* smote, our selves resisted, come ———

Men. Consider this, he hath been bred i'th' wars
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
 In boulded language, meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
 I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
 In peace, to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,
 It is the human way: the other course
 Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Memenius*,
 Be you then as the peoples officer,
 Masters, lay down your weapons.

gallix

Bru.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company; he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The House of CORIOLANUS.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. **L**ET them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war, (I talk of you).
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let's go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,

With

With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The things that thwart your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, some
thing too rough:

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as physick
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unfever'd friends,
I'th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush —

Men. A good demand:

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends

You

You call your policy: how is't less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stand in like request.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
But roated in your tongue; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I'm in this
Your wife, your son: these senators the nobles,
And you will rather shew our general lowts,
How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come go with us, speak fair: you may save so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones; for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,

As

As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho' I know thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will:
Pr'ythee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce?
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? well, I will do't;
Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
This mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
• Away my disposition, and possess me
• Some harlor's spirit: my throat of war be turn'd,
• Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
• Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
• That babies lull asleep; the smiles of knaves

• bring. *Tent*

' Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
 ' The glasses of my sight: a beggar's tongue
 ' Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees
 ' Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 ' That hath receiv'd an alms. I will not do't,
 ' Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 ' And by my body's action, teach my mind
 ' A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
 But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:
 Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going!
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[Exit Volumnia]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
 Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: Pray you let us go!
 Let them accuse me by invention: I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [Exeunt]



SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Br. I N this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the *Antians*,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Br. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have, 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I th' right and strength o th' commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry fine; if death, cry death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i th' truth o th' cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Br. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Br.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler streight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaste, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius,
with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume: the honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you
Through our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our street with war.

1 Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes: audience;

Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move

Laughter

Laughter only.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier.
Rather than envy, you —

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I bought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Your self unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions; in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Br. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome —

Cor. actions.

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Brn. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You? ———

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you ———

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd against the people: seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it, in the name o'th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* gates. I'th' people's name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ———

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew from *Rome*,
Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that ———

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

VOL. VI.

L

Brn.

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty,
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves
Still your own enemies) deliver you
As most abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising then
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere ———

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Edile. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates; and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

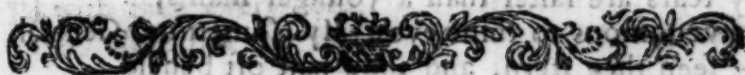
All. Come, come; let's see him out at the gates;
come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes; come!

[*Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Gates of Rome.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volunna, Virgilia, Menenius,
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIOLANUS.



OME, leave your tears : a brief fare-
wel : the beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you
were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,

That common chances common men could bear;

That when the sea was calm, all boats alike

Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows

When most struck home, being gently warded, craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me

With precepts that would make invincible

The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee woman —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish.

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and say'd

Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius,*

Droop not; adieu: farewell my wife, my mother,

L 2

I'll

* gentle wounded.

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
 I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen;) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
 Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
 With thee a while; determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I'th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
 Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come,
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me ought
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
 If I could shake off but one seven years.
 From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods

I'd

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.

Vex'd are the nobles, who we see have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home,
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home.
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. Oh y'are well met:

The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love.

Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear —
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind?

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame? note but this fool,
Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words —

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for Rome's good — I'll tell thee what — yet go —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too — I would my son

Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!

Men! Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! — 'twas you incens'd the
rabble.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in *Rome*, so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [Ex. Tribunes.]

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And by my troth have cause; you'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

ANTIUM.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian* state to find you out there. You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble

ble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium*. City, 'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices, for my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not, Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones, In puny battel slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [Exit Citizen.]
Oh world, thy slippery turn! friends now fast sworn,
Whose

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
 Are still together; who twine (as 'twere in love)
 Unseparable; shall within this hour,
 On a dissention of a doit, break out
 To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And inter-join their issues. So with me,
 My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
 This enemy's town I'll enter; if he slay me,
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,
 I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Ser. **W**INE, wine, wine! what service is here?
 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*? my master calls for him: *Cotus*.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
 Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? whence are
 you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

[Exit.]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in
 being *Coriolanus*. [Aside.]

L 3

Enter

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 Ser. Away? ——— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' house: pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master, what a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second serving-man.]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I'th' city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I'th' city of kites and crows? what an ass it is! then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master,

3 Ser.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress: thou pratt'st, and pratt'st; serve with thy trencher: hence. [*Bears him away.*]

Enter Aufidius, with a serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'st me not, and seeing me,

Dost not yet take me for the man I am, Necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmausical to *Volscian* ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't, though thy tackle's torn, Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, *Coriolanus*. The painful service, The extremest dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname. A good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou could'st bear me; only that name remains. The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
 (Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
 I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius, Martius,*
 Each word thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where-against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestride

Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream't of encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
 Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand; most wel-
 come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his
 clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.*

1 Ser. What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Ser. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Ser. He had so: looking, as it were—would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 Ser. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 Ser. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 Ser. Who, my master?

1 Ser. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Ser. Worth six on him.

1 Ser. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 Ser. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 Ser. Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 Ser. Oh slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a Roman; of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, Caius Martius.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 Ser.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news.

3 *Ser.* Why he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum stuck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace, as far as day does night, it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.*

1 Ser. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Ser. Reason, because they then less need one another: the wars for my mony. I hope to see Romans as cheap as *Volsicians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame: the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld Dissention numbers pestring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late. Hail, Sir.

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miss'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sic.

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewely kind neighbours:

We wish'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent;
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the *Volsians* with two several powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius*' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volsians* dare break with us.

Men.

• whose

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Left you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house, some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:

Go whip him 'fore the peoples eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more be one
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories, and have already

O'er-

CORIO LANUS.

259

O'er-born their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* should be joyned with the *Volscians*,

Com. If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit;
You have made fair work

Brn. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf

Does

Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, be good to *Rome*, they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You've made fair hands;
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts

And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th city.

Com. But I fear

They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation,
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That *Rome* can make against them.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.

And is *Aufidius* with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus's Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

i. Cit. For mine own part,

When

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you voices! —

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [Exeunt.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The Gods be good to us: come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i'th' wrong, when we
banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home. [Ex. Cit.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie.

Sic. Pray let us go.

[Exeunt Tribunes.]

SCENE VIII.

A CAMP.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. DO they still flie to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him; but

Your souldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now.

Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our Design. He bears himself more proudly

VOL. VI.

Even

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but had born
The action of your self, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good Husbandry for the *Volscian* state,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchive as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry *Rome*?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no foldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the * *Osprey* to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Whereof he was the lord; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' cask to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controll'd the war. But one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,

* *Osprey*, a kind of Eagle, *Ossifraga*.

For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd; but he has merit
 To choak it in the utterance: so our virtues
 Lye in th' interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto it self most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 T'extol whar it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
with others.

MENENIUS.

O, I'll not go: you hear what he hath
 said

Which was sometime his General; who
 lov'd him.

In a most dear particular. He call'd me
 father:

But what o'that? go you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
 To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*

He

He would not answer to; forbad all names,
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 'Till he had forg'd himself a name o'th' fire
 Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
 A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
 To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was least expected. He reply'd,
 It was a bare petition of a state
 To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
 For's private friends. His answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
 Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
 I'm one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
 You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
 Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid
 In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid us with our distress. But sure if you
 Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
 More than the instant army we can make,
 Might stop our country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
 For Rome, tow'ards *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius*
 Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
 Unheard: what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief shot
 With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will

Must

Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :

I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhéarts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome* ; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise : dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after, what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
And wife (who as I hear) mean to sollicit him
For mercy to his country : therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]



SCENE II.

A CAMP.

Enter Menenius to the watch or guard.

1 Watch. **S**TAY: whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 Watch. Whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return: our
General

Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalell'd happily amplified:

For I have ever verified my friends,

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground

I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass,

2 Watch.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary of the party of your General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have; I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now you champion, I'll say an errand for you;

you ; you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus* ; guess but my entertainment with him ; if thou stand'st not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does. Oh my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee ; but being assured none but my self could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee —

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others : though I owe My revenge properly, remission lyes In *Volscian* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity : note how much — therefore be gone, Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives him a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*, I will not hear thee speak. This man, *Aufidius*, Was my belov'd in *Rome* ; yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius* ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell you see of much power : you know the way home again.

3 *Watch.*

1 Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General: for such things as you I can scarce think there's any, y^e are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *[Exit.*

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. *[Ex. Watch.*

SCENE III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to th' *Volscian* lords how plainly I've born this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stop Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*: Never admitted private whisper, no Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*, Lov'd me above the measure of a father: Nay, Godded me indeed. Their latest refuge, Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more: a very little I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits, Nor for the state, nor private friends hereafter Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not —

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Mar-
tius, with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break;
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, deny not. Let the *Volscians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct: but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
For that, forgive our *Romans*. — O a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You Gods! I pray,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink my knee i'th' earth;
Of the deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly

pray.

Shew duty as mistaken all the while, [kneels.]
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun:
Murd'ring impossibility to make
What cannot be slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola*:
The moon of *Rome*, chaste as the isicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple: dear *Valeria* —

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[shewing young Martius.]
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Vol. Your knee, *Girrah*.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my self,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more: no more:
You've said you will not grant us any thing:

M 4

For

For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volscians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. — Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead since thy exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfort'nate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
Make our hearts flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and childrens blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine: if I can't perswade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,

That

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :

I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires no child nor woman's face to see :
I've sate too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus :

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy

The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poysonous of your honour. No ; our suit

Is that you reconcile them : while the *Volsicians*

May say, this mercy we have shew'd ; the *Romans*,

This we receiv'd ; and each in either side

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, be blest

For making up this peace. Thou know'st, great son,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,

That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses :

Whose chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble —

' But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,

' Destroy'd his country, and his name remains

' To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son :

Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the Gods,

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,

And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt,

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy,

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more

Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world

More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate

Like one i'th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie ;

When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home

Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
 Down ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his fir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end,
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us,
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason out petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a *Volscean* to his mother:
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and his child
 Like him by chance; yet give us our dispatch:
 I'm hush't until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother! [*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]
 What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
 You've won a happy victory to *Rome*:
 But for your son, believe it, oh believe it,
 Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. Let it come: —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were;
 And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
 I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
 Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
 At difference in thee; out of that I'll work

My

My self a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear [To Vol. Virg. &c.

A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.

Come, eater with us: ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

R O M E.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' capitol, yond corner
stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say there is no hope in't, our throats are sen-
tenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a
butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius*
is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's
more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me, and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks,
he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks be-
fore his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery.
He sits in his state as a thing made for *Alexander*.
What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding.

He

He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd,

The *Volsicians* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,

Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
Make the sun dance. Hark you. [A shout within.]

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*

Is

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full : of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day :
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[Sound still with the shouts.]

Sic. First, the Gods blefs you for your tidings : next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city ?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter two senators with ladies passing over the stage, with other lords.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
 Call all your tribes together, praise the Gods,
 And make triumphant fires : strew flowers before them :
 Unshout the noise that banish'd *Martius* ;
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :
 Cry, welcome ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome ladies, welcome. *[Exeunt.]*

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

SCENE V.

ANTIUM.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. **G**O tell the lords o'th' city, I am here :
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,
 Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's
faction.*

Most welcome.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoyson'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before;
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; a help'd to reap the same
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do my self this wrong; till at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

He

a *hop'd.*

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and at last
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory —

Auf. There was it:

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the
people.]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second, when he lies along,
After your way, his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easie fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us

With

With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with drums and colours,
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords; I am return'd, your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome*: our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th' *Romans*: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords.
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — how now? —

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius*.

Cor. *Martius*! —

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli*?

You lords and head o'th' state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*,
I say your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd

Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsicians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false-hound! —
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volsicians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy! —

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my son, my daughter, kill'd my cousin,
He kill'd my father.

2 *Lord.* Peace, — no outrage — peace —
The man is noble, and his frame folds in
This orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius's*, or more; his tribe;
To use my lawful sword —

Auf. Insolent villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[The conspirators all draw, and kill *Martius*,
who falls, and *Aufidius* stands on him.

Lords.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble lords, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O, Tullus—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

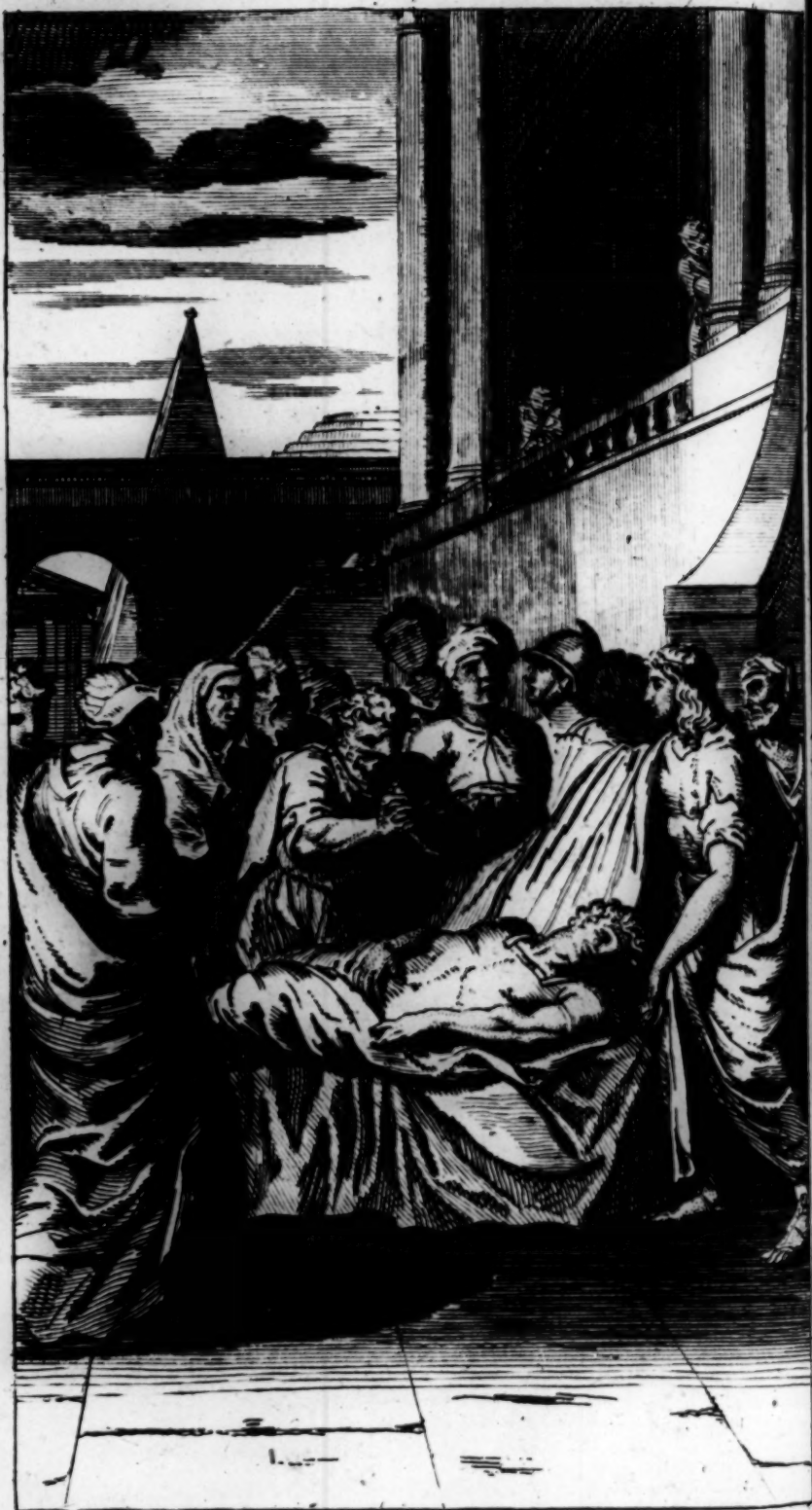
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up;
Help three o'th' chiefest soldiers, I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Martius. A dead
march sounded.*]





V. 6. p. 283.

Lyd. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp

Dramatis Personae

JULIUS
CÆSAR.

SCENE for the third first act and begin-
ing of the fourth in Rome, for a winter.
Part of the fourth now past. The first act
in the fields of Philippi.

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar.

M. Antony.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius,

Murellus,

Artemidorus, a Sooth-sayer.

Messala,

Titinius,

Cinna, the Poet.

Lucius, Servant to Brutus.

} *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

} *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE for the three first acts and beginning of the fourth in Rome, for the remainder of the fourth near Sardis, for the fifth in the fields of Philippi.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home you idle creatures, get
you home;
Is this a holiday? what, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? speak what trade
art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You Sir, What trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman I am
but as you would say, a cobbler.

Mur. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad
foals.

Flav.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou sawey fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my self into more work. But indeed, Sir, we make holy-day to see *Caesar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice! — what conquests brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!

Knew you not *Rompey*? many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day with patient expectation,

To see great *Rompey* pass the streets of *Rome*?

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out an holy-day?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That

That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Be gone ———

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to *Tyber* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish'd tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way tow'ards the capitol,
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too; where you perceive them thick,
These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer; after them Murellus and Flavius.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cæs. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antony's* way,
When he doth run his course ——— *Antony.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antony.*

To touch *Calphurnia*; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril course.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæs.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue shriller than all the musick,

Cry, *Cæs.* Speak; *Cæs.* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. What man is that?

Br. A sooth-sayer bids you beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæs.*

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt.* *Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

SCENE III.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Br. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Br. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*;

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friends that love you.

Br. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn

I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to my self,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
 Among which number *Cassius* be you one,
 Nor construe any farther my neglect,
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Brut. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not it self,
 But by reflection from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.
 And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard
 Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
 (Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
 And groaning underneath this age's yolk,
 Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
 That you would have me seek into my self,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
 And since you know you cannot see your self
 So well as by reflection; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to your self
 That of your self, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protector; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know
 That I profess my self in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and he did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: and this man

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake,
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that had the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd — give me some drink, *Titinius* —
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cas. 'Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 ' Like a *Colossus*, and we petty men
 ' Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
 ' To find our selves dishonourable graves.
 ' Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 ' The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 ' But in our selves, that we are underlings.
 ' *Brutus*, and *Caesar*! what should be in that *Caesar*?
 ' Why should that name be sounded more than
 ' yours?

' Write them together; yours is as fair a name;
 ' Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 ' Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 ' *Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Caesar*.
 ' Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 ' Upon what meat doth this our *Caesar* feed,
 ' That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
 ' *Rome*, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 ' When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 ' But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 ' When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,

* That her wide walls incompast but one man ? *
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th'eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider, what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Brut. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brut. I will do so: but look you, *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar's* brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train,
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
 Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,

* — but one man ?

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I, &c.

As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in confrence with some senators.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. *Antonius.*

Ant. *Caesar.*

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights :
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not :

' Yet if my name were liable to fear,

' I do not know the man I should avoid,

' So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,

' He is a great observer, and he looks

' Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,

' As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick :

' Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

' As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

' That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

' Such men as he be never at hearts ease,

' Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,

' And therefore are they very dangerous,

' I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

' Than what I fear; for always I am *Caesar*.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

SCENE V.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak
with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That *Caesar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*; we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca.

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: If I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, alas, good soul — and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them, if *Caesar* had stabb'd their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, if I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Caesar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Cas. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeness is a sawce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetites.

Brut. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus.]

Well *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet I see
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cas. doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*,
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. — I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obscurely
Cas.'s ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cas.* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter *Casca*, his sword drawn,
and *Cicero*.

Cic. GOOD even, *Casca*; brought you *Cas.* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cas. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n,
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cas. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gashly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, they are natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cas. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cæsa*; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cas. Farewel, *Cicero*. [Exit *Cicero*.]

SCENE VII.

Enter *Cassius*.

Cas. Who's there?

Cas. A Roman.

Cas. *Cæsa*, by your voice.

Cas. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest merr.

Cas. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perillous night;
 And thus unbraced, *Caeca*, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heav'n, I did present my self
 Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Caec. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Caec. You are dull, *Caeca*; and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman, you do want,
 Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Caeca*, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol;
 A man no mightier than thy self or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Caec. 'Tis *Caesar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Caec. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have † thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But woe the while, our fathers minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers spirits;

† *manners or capacities.*

Our yoke and sull'rance shew us womanish.

Casc. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Caesar* as a King:

And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Casc. 'I know where I will wear this dagger then.

' *Cassius* from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.

' Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;

' Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:

' Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

' Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

' Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:

' But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

' Never lacks power to dismiss it self.

' If I know this; know all the world besides,

' That part of tyranny, that I do bear,

' I can shake off at pleasure.

Casc. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Casc. And why should *Caesar* be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep;

He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,

Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*?

What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as *Caesar*? But, oh grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this

Before a willing bondman: then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casc. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,

That is no hearing tell-tale. Hold; my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far,

As who goes farthest.

Casc. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already

Some

Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize,
 Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* porch. For now this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cas. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate,
 He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes you are.

O *Cassius*! could you win the noble *Brutus*
 To our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the *Prætor's* chair,
 Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old *Brutus's* statue: all this done,
 Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us.
 Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
 See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Cas. O, he sits high in all the peoples hearts:

And

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him;
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

A GARDEN.

Enter Brutus.



WHAT *Lucius!* ho! —

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day — *Lucius,*
I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so
soundly. [*Lucius!*]

When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what,

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd —
How that might change his nature, there's the question!
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking: crown him — that —
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse.

Remorse from power; and to speak truth of Caesar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 • Where to the climber upward turns his face;
 • But when he once attains the upmost round,
 • He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 • Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 • By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous:
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Brut. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.]

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light; that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:

Shall Rome, ——— speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,
 Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome ——— thus must I piece it out,

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Spea^r,

Speak, strike, redress — am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen days.

[knock within.]

Br. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, some body knocks;
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
I have not slept —

• Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
• And the first motion, all the interim is
• Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
• The genius, and the mortal instruments
• Are then in council; and the state of man,
• Like to a little kingdom, suffers then,
• The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Br. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Br. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their — are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaths,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Br. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction, O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou march, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, *Brutus*; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble Roman hears of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

Cas. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cas. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:

So let high-lighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath. When ev'ry drop of blood
 That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him?

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cas. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,

Mark

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar* : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers :
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood :
O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar* ! but, alas !
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him ;
For the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
And that were much he should ; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late,

(Quite from the main opinion he held once)

Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers;

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.

But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says he does; being then most flattered.

Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brm. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,

Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along to him:

He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,

Brutus,

And friends! disperse your selves; but all remember

What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes,

But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;

And so good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy-dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busie care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Brut. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus,*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wasture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal;
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus.* Dear, my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do; good *Portia,* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours,
 Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* sick?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? no, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy? and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you? for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I your self,
 But as it were in sort, or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you? dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving my self a voluntary wound

Here,

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the character of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [Exit *Portia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? would you were not sick!

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou like an exorcist hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE IV.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. **N**OR heav'n, nor earth have been at peace to-night;

Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,

Help, ho; they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will my lord.

[*Exit.*]*Enter Calphurnia.*

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battel † hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs.

† hurtled or skirmish'd.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen,
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
' The valiant never taste of death but once;
' Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
' It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
' Seeing that death, a necessary end,
' Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the *Augurs*?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.*

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he will say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

* ——— to-day for fear:

No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! good-morrow, worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cas. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day; tell them so, *Decius*!

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cas. Shall *Caesar* send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them *Caesar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause;
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cas. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt last night she saw my statue,

Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,

Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cas. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
 And know it now, the Senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty *Caesar*.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 'Break up the Senate till another time,
 'When *Caesar's* wife shall meet with better dreams:
 If *Caesar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 Lo, *Caesar* is afraid!
 Pardon me, *Caesar*, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cas. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calphurnia*?
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go:

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
 Cinna and Publius.*

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Caesar*.

Cas. Welcome, *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a-clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cas. I thank you for your pains and courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Caesar*.

Cas. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember

Remember that you call on me to-day,
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb. Caesar, I will; and so near will I be, [Aside.
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.*

*Cæs. Good friends go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.*

*Bru. That every like is not the same, O Caesar, [Aside.
The heart of Brutus earns to think upon! [Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

The STREET.

Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius,
come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust
not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about
thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods
defend thee.

Thy lover Artemidorus!

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

*Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?*

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

*Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there—*

O constancy, be strong upon my side,
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
 What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee listen well:
 I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't a clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
 To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
 I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds
 him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear,
 Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
 The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels
 Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in—aye me! how weak a thing
 The

The heart of woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize.
 Sure the boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suit
 That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint;
 Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord,
 Say I am merry; come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exe.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

The CAPITOL.

Flourish. Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Calpurnia*,
Decius, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*,
Lepidus, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*,
 and the Sooth-sayers.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: read this schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble
 suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
 That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
 Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

O 3

Pop.

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive;
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Caesar*; mark him.

Cas. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention!

Brutus, what shall be done? if this be known,

Cassius or *Caesar* never shall turn back,

For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.

Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Caesar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Caesar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.

[Kneeling.

Cas. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Caesar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crook'd-curtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Caesar's* ear,

For

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brn. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What *Brutus*?

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star.*
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar* ———

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* ———

Cæs. Do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cæs. Speak hands for me. *[They stab Cæsar.]*

Cæs. Et tu? *Brute!* ——— then fall *Cæsar!* *[Dies.]*

Cim. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead ———
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets ———

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Brn. People and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

* ——— northern star,

Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me, &c.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of *Cæsar's* Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer, There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

S C E N E H.

Enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where's *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cæs. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

† *Cæs.* Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

† In all the editions this speech is ascribed to Brutus, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first-publish'd by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

Let's

Let's all cry peace! freedom! and liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence

[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Cas. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,

That now on *Pompey's* basis lies along,

No worthier than the dust?

Bru. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

With the most bold, and the best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Ser. A friend of *Antony's*.

Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [kneeling]

And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;

Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:

Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead

So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied, and by my honour

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Q. 5

Bru.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet I have a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

S C E N E III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cesar*! dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cesar's* death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smock,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by *Cesar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cesar*: For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's

in strength of malice.

In the disposing of new dignities.

Brut. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*: and my valiant *Cæsa*, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius* — here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.*

Cæs. Mark Antony —

* — in thy death.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this indeed, O world, the hart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lye?

Cæs. Mark Antony, &c.

Ant.
b *Leiths.*

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you ———
You know not what you do, do not consent [*Aside*.
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will my self into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take your *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our permission:

You

You shall not else have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war.
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
And *Cæsar's* Spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Ate* by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæ

O Caesar!

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching, for mine eyes
Seeing those beds of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lyes to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this corse
Into the market place: there shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Caesar's body.]

SCENE V.

The FORUM.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra. Cassius, with
the Plebeians.*

Pleb. WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me au-
dience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exeunt Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.]

3 *Pleb.*

Plb. The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Friends! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bond-man? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended. — I pause for a reply —

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended — I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger

lovers,

dagger for my self, when it shall please my country
to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better parts

Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen ———

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace; ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories, which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. [Exit.]

SCENE VI

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,

We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* ———

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your

ears;

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them,

The

' The good is oft interred with their bones;
 ' So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*
 ' Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
 ' If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 ' And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 ' Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
 ' (For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 ' So are they all, all honourable men)
 ' Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
 ' He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 ' But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 ' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 ' He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
 ' Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 ' Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 ' When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 ' Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 ' Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 ' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 ' You all did see, that at the *Lupercal*,
 ' I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 ' Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 ' Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 ' And sure he is an honourable man.
 ' I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 ' But here I am to speak what I do know.
 ' You all did love him once, not without cause,
 ' What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 ' O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 ' And men have lost their reason — bear with me,
 ' My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 ' And I must pause 'till it come back to me.
 1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.*

* *Cæsar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar* had never wrong, but with just cause.
 If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I
 shou'd

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown.

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. ' But yesterday the word of *Caesar* might

' Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

' And none so poor to do him reverence.

' O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

' Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

' I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;

' Who, you all know, are honourable men.

' I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse

' To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,

' Than I will wrong such honourable men.

' But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Caesar*,

' I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will,

' Let but the commons hear this testament,

' (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

' And they would go and kiss dead *Caesar's* wounds,

' And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

shon'd fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Plebeian. One might believe Ben Johnson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act,

Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfy'd ———

But the verse as cited by Ben Johnson does not connect with — Will he be satisfy'd. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleas'd to speak it:

' Yea,

‘ Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 ‘ And dying, mention it within their wills,
 ‘ Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 ‘ Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We’ll hear the Will; read it *Mark Antony*,

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar’s* Will.

Ant. ‘ Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
 ‘ read it,

‘ It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov’d you.

‘ You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:

‘ And being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,

‘ It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

‘ ’Tis good you know not that you are his *heirs*,

‘ For if you should — O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we’ll hear it, *Antony*:

You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar’s* Will.

Ant. ‘ Will you be patient? will you stay a while?

‘ (I have o’er-shot my self to tell you of it.)

‘ I fear I wrong the honourable men,

‘ Whose daggers have stabb’d *Cæsar* — I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors — honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

3 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the will!
 read the will!

Ant. ‘ You will compel me then to read the will?

‘ Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,

‘ And let me shew you him that made the will.

‘ Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring, stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony* — most noble *Antony*!

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back — room — bear back —

Ant. ‘ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

‘ You all do know this mantle; I remember

‘ The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

‘ ’Twas on a summer’s evening in his tent,

‘ That

- ' That day he overcame the *Nervii* ———
 ' Look! in this place, ran *Cassius*' dagger through ———
 ' See what a rent the envious *Casca* made ———
 ' Through this, the well-beloyed *Brutus* stabb'd;
 ' And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 ' Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no?
 ' For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s angel.
 ' Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!
 ' This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 ' For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 ' Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,
 ' Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
 ' And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 ' Even at the base of *Pompey*'s statue,
 ' (Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæsar* fell.
 ' O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 ' Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 ' Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 ' O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 ' The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 ' Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 ' Our *Cæsar*'s vesture wounded? look you here!
 ' Here is himself, marr'd as you see by traitors.
 1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!
 2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!
 3 *Pleb.* O woful day!
 4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!
 1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!
 2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about ———
 seek ——— burn ——— fire ——— kill ——— slay! let not a
 traitor live.
Ant. Stay Countrymen ———
 1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.
 2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
 with him ———
Ant. ' Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up
 ' To such a sudden flood of mutiny: ———
 ' They

' They that have done this deed, are honourable.
 ' What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 ' That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 ' And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
 ' I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 ' I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
 ' But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 ' That love my friend; and that they know full well,
 ' That give me publick leave to speak of him:
 ' For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 ' Action nor ut'rance, nor the power of speech,
 ' To stir mens blood; I only speak right on.
 ' I tell you that which you your selves do know,
 ' Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths!
 ' And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
 ' And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 ' Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 ' In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 ' The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny ———

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ——— the will ——— let's stay and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To ev'ry several man, sev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his death!

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards

On

On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Caesar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt ---- How now, fellow?

[*Enter a servant.*]

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantasie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors.
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say — I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator!

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come brands ho, fire-brands:

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* house, And some to *Caska's*, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

A N T O N Y.



THESE many then shall die, their names
are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not

Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*. [live,

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot, I damn him.

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,

And took his voice who should be prickt to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you;

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease our selves of divers stand'rous loads;

He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,

Or led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and yaliant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and soldiers: *Titinius*
and *Pindarus* meeting them.

Bru. STAND, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius* —
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother! you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ———

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent *Cassius* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [Exeunt.]

* SCENE III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man,) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell, and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speak this,
Or by the Gods this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! ———

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
 I'll not endure it; you forget your self,
 To hedge me in, I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than your self
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self —
 Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay more. Fret 'till your proud heart break,
 Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour? by the Gods
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Tho' it do split you. For from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way — you wrong me, Brutus;
 I said an elder soldier, not a better.

† give way.

Did

Did I say better —

Brn. If you did, I care not.

[*me.*

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd

Brn. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! —

Brn. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him!

Brn. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brn. You have done that you should be sorry for,
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirectness. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready Gods with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Brn. You did.

Cas. I did not — he was but a fool. [heart,
That brought my answer back — *Brutus* hath riv'd my
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Brn. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Brn. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brn. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come!
 Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast — within, a heart
 Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold;
 If that thou bee'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a * man,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. *

* ——— and leave you so.

Enter Lucius and Titinius, and a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,

a lamb

There

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. 'O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. 'Of your philosophy you make no use,
'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears sorrow better — *Portia's* dead.

Cas. 'Ha! *Portia*! —

Bru. 'She is dead!

Cas. 'How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came. With this she fell distract,

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha — how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; sawcy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, &c.

And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*!
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Oh *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

Mes. My self have letters of the self-same teature.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscriptions, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one? ———

Mes. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her in yours?

Mes.

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell *Portia* — we must die, *Messala*,
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us,
So we shall waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother —

Bru. Under your pardon, You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe,
The enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.

' There is a tide in the affairs of men,
' Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
' Omitted, all the voyage of their life
' Is bound in shallows; and in miseries.
' On such a full sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then with your will, go on: we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good-night; —————
Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
Good-night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Messa. Good-night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius*!

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Brn. I will not have it so; lye down, good Sirs:
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brn. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brn. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Brn. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brn. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune ——— O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick? gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
But let me see, is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! — ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition! —
It comes upon me ——— Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again ———

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*. [Exit *Ghost*.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then ———

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,

Ill spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! *Lucius*! *Varro*! *Claudius*! *Sirs*! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord! ———

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; sirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

Thou! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, *Sirs*, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;

Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.]





ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW Antony, our hopes are answered.
 You said the enemy would not come
 down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so; their battels are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answ'ring before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their besoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it; they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals;
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
 Their bloody sign of battel is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battel softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Osta. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of battel?

Ant. No, *Cesar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Osta. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Osta. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good
Witness the hole you made in *Cesar's* heart, [words.
Crying, long live, hail *Cesar*.

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. *

Bru. You threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cesar*.

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cesar's* feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur, behind
Struck *Cesar* on the neck, O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now *Brutus* thank your self;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Osta. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
sweat,

* ——— stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too.
For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! &c.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæsar's* three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;

I was not born to die on *Brutus's* sword.

Brut. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field,
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exe. Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

SCENE III.

Cas. Why now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark:]

Brut. *Lucilius*, ——— hark a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*;
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battel all our liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign

Two

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands;
Who to *Philipp* here comforted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perill, very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucius*.

Cas. Now most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
But since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how;
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Along the streets of *Rome*.

Bru. ' No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
' That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
' He bears too great a mind. But this same day
' Must end that work the Ides of *March* begun.
' And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
' Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
' For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*!

• If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
 • If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
 • The end of this day's business ere it come!
 • But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 • And then the end is known. Come ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these bills
 Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing;
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exe.*]

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
 My self have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
 Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pin. Fly further off my lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
 Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 'Till

'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops;
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My fight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run its compass. Now what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some light — oh he lights too —
He's ta'en — and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here take thou the hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword — *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh *Cassius*,
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius* is overthrown by Noble *Brutus*' power, As *Cassius*' legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lyes upon the ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set;
The sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd;
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Mes.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas,

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
 But hold thee, take this Garland on thy brow.
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
 By your leave, Gods ——— This is a Roman's part.
 Come *Cassius'* sword, and find *Titinius'* heart. [Dies.

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Br. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Br. *Titinius'* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Br. Oh *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*?

Br. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?

Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well,
 It is impossible that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time ———

Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body.

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,

And come young *Cato*, let us to the field.

Labio and *Flavius* set our battell on.

'Tis three a clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

The Field of Battel.

*Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius,
and Flavius.*

Brut. YET countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What bastard doth not? who will
go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter soldiers and fight.

Brut. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,
And mayst be honour'd, being *Cato's* son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A Noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead,
 And bring us word unto *Octavius*' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
 Volumnius.*

Bru. COME, poor remains of friends, rest on this
 rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch light, but, my lord,
 He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus* —

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill my self.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
 The ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
 And this last night, here in *Philippi-Fields*.
 I know my hour is come.

Vol.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*

It is more worthy to leap in our selves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Eli. Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you; and you *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, countrymen;

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus'* tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, fly, fly, fly.*

Eli. Fly, my lord, fly ———

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pry'thee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord,

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first ——— fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* ——— *Caesar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. *Strato*, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cesar*:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man!

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. {*Exe. omnes.*

The End of the Sixth Volume.



